Lord. The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lo d. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you goe to play.

Ham, Shee well instructs me,

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since hee went into France, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods ; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham, It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora, If your mind dislike any thing, obay it. I will forestall their repaire hether and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let bee.

A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht
With a sore distraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes,
Was't *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes?* neuer *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, doo's wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* doo's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnes. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my diselaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

And

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cosin *Ham.*
You know the wager,

Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layde the ods a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onixe shall he throw,
Richer then that which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,

Now